

everyone has tried Blue
on Berylton Sea there will
need to advertise it.
ce tried, always used.

Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

His engagement to
just 24 hours
three letters are
across the At-
r. Deane and his
friends that he
sought in mar-
of the British

Deane and his aris-
acquaintances al-
man whom they
as "a grandson
Right Honorable
"informing them
Deane's letter,
condescension and
are so cleverly
Deane cannot per-
usions to the
which exists
people," with-
dazzled by an
statements to
proposed son-in-
Lacy
is the son of
Colonel
of Lady Deane's
presumptive

he feels, after
only on their
event must
prize out of

quite freely
nce near by
Anne's un-
for revolt
fringes and
life, joining
band's Harry
sons, and both
dire perplexity.
ast looks for dan-

cannot and will
self to ask of Anne
tion about that fatal
with George Archer
like, "Is it not
the world.

remains, and prefers to
utter ignorance of any
additional facts respecting his depar-
ture, or the receipt of that letter of
his by Gillian.

She shrewdly guesses that Anne
could give her—she would—ample
information on the subject; but Lady
Deane remembers the homely pro-
verb and "less sleeping dogs lie."

But with the impressive silence, the
unspoken resolves, and the strong in-
fluence of Anne's proud spirit, ever
near her, she can know no rest.

"I must get rid of her in some way
for awhile," Lady Deane muses in
dire perplexity. "I tell you, my dear
me is not to be thought of. If I
could trust her with Gillian, or Gillian
with her—of which I am far from
feeling certain—care not trust her
with Bingham; he is as weak as a
sick in a clever woman's
hand. I dare not leave her here,
either," she thinks, distractedly;

"the unrepentant creature is quite cap-
able of cleverly bringing about the
overthrow of all my plans, and hatch-
ing some plot with that good-for-
nothing husband of mine. If he had
time and opportunity, I should fear
that Bingham had been reinstated,
and the fatted calf killed for him—
perhaps living at Mount Ossory, the
master of the house, and the mon-
arch of all he surveyed."

Damer could do it if he liked," she
nurses, nervously. "Mount Ossory is
not excluded, I wonder is that part
of what he threatened her would do
if he found out I betrayed the truth?"

But Anne herself relieves her em-
ployer of all anxiety on her behalf
one respect.

Two days after Miss Deane's en-
gagement has been known through-
out the household, and on the occa-
sion of Lady Deane allying to the
proposed ward, and some
appending wardrobe preparations, a
quietly b-gs lady to resign her
tation as Lady Deane's "companion."

Lady Deane is almost speechless
with dismay. She has never con-
templated the idea of actually parting
rever with the valuable services of
her gifted "companion."

"Indeed! You wish to leave?"
"There are you going?" she asks,
with stormy wrath in her eyes and
her haughty voice.

"To London at first—no America
for me," Anne replies, composedly.
"Oh, indeed! To America?" re-
sents Lady Deane, with a meaning
accent. "Ah! I see. You have not
thought fit to give me a lengthy
notice of your departure. But I sup-
pose I can understand it."

"Anne remains silent a minute."
"You told me three months ago I
could go when I liked," she says,
triflingly. "I like to go now, Lady
Deane."

"Ah, you want to avoid the fuss and
extra work of Miss Deane's wedding,
I suppose?" Lady Deane retorts,
with her usual smile. "It is rather
ungrateful of you to treat me so
cavalierly to suit your own feelings;
but I suppose I ought not to won-
der."

"I suppose you ought not," Anne
says coolly as ever.

And dejected though she is and en-
gaged as well as the irreparable loss
of the services of her devoted pre-
sident slave, Lady Deane is obliged to
submit with outward composure to
what she cannot avoid, and as the
days pass she sees it is her best

policy to treat Anne at least with
seeming kindness, and to make use of
her willing hands and clever brains up
to the last moment she spends in the
house.

"You will at least write to me, I
hope, Anne, and tell me if you are
well and comfortable, wherever you
are," she asks, reproachfully. "I can-
not think why you have treated me
so unkindly, as if I were your enemy
and not your friend—your true friend,
whatever you may think," she adds,
impressively.

"For," as she says to herself, "there
is no reason why, by and by, when
Bingham is once married safely to
Gillian Deane, Anne should not come
back to me again." And she almost
makes up her mind that when Anne is
going out of the house she will make
a magnanimous speech and gently al-
lude to her possible future return and
possible future restoration to her em-
ployer's favor.

But when she abruptly informs Gillian
only the very evening before Anne's
departure of the fact of her compan-
ion resigning her situation for the
present, she is startled at the recep-
tion which her news meets.

"I am very glad to hear it," Gillian
says, crimsoning and paling. "I
detest her, and I hope I shall never
see her or hear of her again."

"My dearest child," demonstrates
her ladyship, against this display
of emotion. "It is not Christianlike,
nor indeed ladylike, to express your
very bitter feelings. What has poor Anne
done to displease you?"

"I know it is wicked. I feel wicked,"
Gillian says, with struggling breath,
and changing color, "but I hate the
very sight of her. She is so hateful.
I hope after she is gone that you will
never let me hear her name, Lady
Deane."

"Good heavens! Jealousy!" her
ladyship thinks, with deepening un-
easiness.

"My child, what would poor Bing-
ham say if he heard you?" she says
aloud, with a gentle, deprecating
smile and shake of the head. "He who
thinks you a creature—"

"Quite too wise and good
for human nature's daily food."
His bright particular star of adora-
tion!

"Captain Lacy has heard me," Gil-
lian says, curtly, and frowning on
her ladyship's po-ttry and "gush."
"He told me that you never men-
tioned Miss O'Neill's name to me,
for I hated her."

"My darling child," her ladyship
says, with a checked gesture, "how
very wrong! You must not say you
hate any one, dear."

"Well, I won't say it; I will feel
it silently," retorts Gillian, curtly.
"But the love," Lady Deane
expostulates, with smiling reproach
and keen glances. "Surely not be-
cause Bingham used to—as all young
men do—used to flirt with poor
Anne, that you are so dreadfully an-
gry with her? Poor thing! She could
hardly help liking and admiring him,
you know."

"Nothing of the kind, Lady Deane,"
Gillian answers with a scornful
light in her eyes that amazes
that astute person. "Captain Lacy's
flirtation with Miss O'Neill is no con-
cern of mine; I have her because she
is false to everyone."

"She is not false to her old true
lover, I hope," Lady Deane says, af-
fecting to utter. "It does not look
like it, at all events, when she re-
signs her situation as precipitately
as she resigned his, and rushes off
to America after him!"

A gray cold shadow of pain
falls over the soft young
face at the other side of
her ladyship's work-table, and she
starts up hurriedly and goes over to
a jardiniere of flowering and frag-
rant plants at the window.

"I thought you said her resigna-
tion was only temporary, Lady Deane,"
Gillian remarks. "You said she
was going to London to see some
friends."

"She may have given me to under-
stand that her absence would be but
temporary," Lady Deane says, frigh-
tly, with the cold, cruel smile in her
cold eyes, "and she has not confided
in me, certainly. But, my dear Gil-
lian, I do not assert what I do not
know to be the truth, and I have
known for a long time there was a
secret understanding and a secret
attachment between her and George
Archer."

It is the first time since he went
away that she has uttered his name
to Gillian, and a swift gleam of in-
quiry flashes from beneath her eye-
lashes at the face and figure stand-
ing by the jardiniere to note the
effect of her words.

If the results satisfy her they are
visible enough.

"I hope not, either," Lady Deane
repeats, with badinage and precision. "Al-
though neither she nor her lover
have behaved with much gratitude or
loyalty to either Mr. Damer or
myself, he for some time past, or
more, throwing me in the way at a
moment's notice, to join his Man-
Moth, Expedition, I suppose Bingham
has explained it all to you, dear?"

"Oh, yes," Gillian says, gazing into
the markings of the veronica leaves

"that is, he told me Mr. Archer
had left."

"Yes; gone at a moment's notice,
as I say," Lady Deane says, with
disgusted displeasure. "And then
Anne, a few days hardly without even
the faintest excuse, throws up her
situation at a moment's notice to
join her lover—on his expedition, or
elsewhere. I am sure I cannot tell
Extraordinary conduct, but he sure,
and as I said before, neither very
grateful nor considerate to those
who had employed them both for the
last six years."

And considering what her lady-
ship knows, and what she does not
know but nervously guesses at, it
will be acknowledged that these bold
statements do credit alike to her
courage and her invention.

But she says no further word of
remembrance to Anne O'Neill's de-
parture, no word of a possible wel-
come back.

And so, when the end of the week
comes, in the silvery haze of the
early autumn morning, before the
rest of the household are waking,
Anne O'Neill takes her leave of the
place, which she had once faintly
hoped, in fond dreams of days that
are gone, would be her home for
life.

Cold and harsh as has been the
authority over her, hard as has
been her ill-paid labor, scant as
has been her joys, bitter and deep
her secret griefs, still it has been
the only real home she has ever
known, ever loved.

Her loveless, joyless, orphaned girl-
hood has been spent in schools in
Ireland, in England, and in France,
drudging for her hard-earned edu-
cation, her hard-earned board and
lodging, in teaching children even
from her own childhood's days. And,
after the days of dreary routine,
of dreary abodes, of dreary sur-
roundings, of meager fare, and
meager existence generally, life in
the handsome old country-house,
with its stately patroness, and the
gentle, easy-going, good-natured
master of the household, had seem-
ed to poor Anne an abode in an
Eden of peace and plenty.

And then there came days when
flowers of Paradise sowed the lawn,
and the sunlight of Paradise be-
came the lonely girl's pathway,
and when the tempting whip-
ple came to eat of the fruit
which was forbidden to her, Eve's
daughter plucked and tasted; and
into Paradise came the shadow of
pain, and its glories passed away.

She thinks of it all, she remembers
it all—each throb of pain, each
each pang of cruel pain in this part-
ing hour, and there is speechless
agony behind that pale, proud face
and that self-possessed bearing as
she sees her trunk, containing all
her worldly belongings, put into the
waggonette, and then she herself,
without one to shed a tear for her,
goes for to give her "good-bye" moun-
ts into the carriage beside her luggage
and is driven away.

She has bidden Lady Damer good-
bye last night, and her ladyship, ir-
ritated and troubled at the loss of
the girl's services, and the voices of
conscience, which will not be quieted
at all times, has bidden her good-
bye with a brief parting
words with a keen-edged taunt
among them.

"I knew long ago, Anne," she
says, with icy scorn, "that there
was nothing which would do for
you or could give you which would
content you but one thing. So I
have not troubled myself. If you had
been satisfied to be like a sister to
me, my boots would have been
always. You wanted more than that.
You wanted what you could not have
—should not have—should not have
—dared not have—the position of
the daughter of Mount Ossory
by and by! Your
ambition was so absurd, as unrea-
sonable as it was ungodly, that I
has brought its own punishment."

She would be glad to see frowns
of anger, tears of indignant shame
on that proud, calm face. But she
sees none. The face is as marble,
in its haughty placidity to the
bared darts and thrusts of her
ladyship's spite.

Later on, when the door of her
ladyship's room has shut
behind her for the last time, Anne
sees Mr. Damer to bid him good-
bye.

But the miserable man, half-intox-
icated, as he usually is now, and
seeing her for the last time, and
resents her departure as an in-
sult and injury.

"Go away, then! Go away! You
hear!" he shouts, standing
up with great dignity and waving
away Anne's proffered hand. "Go
away, I say! Get rid of you all!
You're all alike! A pack of cheats!
Ay, my own hands! That's the word!
—cheats! He leaves me—now you
—want to cut off with yourself, I
fume by, to-morrow, my wife'll cut
off with herself—shouldn't care
much if she did." Mr. Damer says,
with a grin of much humor, and
then, marked by a look of strag-
gling gray hair getting into his
eyes, "I'm tired of the high horse.
My lady's fond of giving me a
mal! Go 'way—whole pack of you!
Get on better by myself a lot."

"Mr. Damer," Anne says, tears
filling her eyes for the unhappy man
in his desecration which none of the
insults she has herself endured could
bring there—"Mr. Damer, please do
shake hands with me and say good-
bye. I can't stay here any longer,
and my only friend besides yourself
has gone away. I cannot stay here
any longer, Mr. Damer, but I will
remember your kindness to me all
the days of my life, and will pray
for you as long as I live!"

"Needn't! Don't want prayers.
Pray for myself if I like," he re-
torts, with tipsy dignity, and then
his mood changes, and covering his
face with his hands, he bursts into
tears.

Poor broken-down, badly-treated
man, or would not give way like this,"
he says, in a fragmentary manner,
with his handkerchief to his eyes.
Very badly used—badly used!
Do what I and a coward, and didn't
do what I should have done. I
strikes the table with clenched fist
and gleaming eyes. "Been a fool and
a coward, but I've been badly used.
Find it all out some day, ay, and be
sorry, too. I'll be too late then.
Ay, be very sorry then in yeh, that
judged so harshly. Person I liked, and
loved, I may say."

He drops his grey head on one
hand, and sobs.

And then, when the two obstacles
in the path of her desires have been
cleared away by her ladyship's will,
Lady Jeannette Damer acknowledges
with herself after the fashion of the
fool in Holy Scripture.

She tells her soul that she has
much grown laid up in and that she
has laid the foundation of years
of prosperity; that she may now eat,
drink and enjoy life in the conscious-
ness that her nephew's riches will
mean multiplied comfort to herself,
money repaid to her, money passing
through her hands, an increase of
that small balance at her bankers',
new dresses and jewelry, and best of
all, the advantages of money to re-
open the magic portals of "society"
to her after years of exile.

With her known acknowledged birth
and breeding, and her nephew's well-
bred manners, handsome figure, and
knowledge of the world—an army
man and member of a west-end club,
as he is—the meek young wife's
wealth will prove an exceedingly
even exclusive circle. Lady Jeannette
Damer dreams of those days of com-
ing pleasures, as she plans and
schemes and calculates in that busy,
clever brain of hers.

An eligible house in London—small,
but perfect in its way—introduced
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lian's presentation on her marriage,
the brilliant circle of friends, the
carefully-chosen acquaintances, the
brilliant little reunions.

"Only we must depend on outside
sources for our brilliancy," her
ladyship says, with an exceedingly
depreciatory cast of her lip. "That
in itself is a pity, but I have no
good things to say nothing of the
last year's failure."

It is needless to say that her lady-
ship does not utter her opinion thus
privately, but in the company of the
girl she has urged him into wailing

hand again, and tries to
wiping away the fast-coming
tears with the other hand, and
then tries to pour out more whiskey,
with the shaking grasp on the bot-
tle.

"Yes, I know," Anne says, sooth-
ingly, but sighing hopelessly. She
knows enough to know there is too
dark and painful a secret beneath
his pitiful wailing for her to at-
tempt to probe it. "I know, Mr.
Damer, you were always kind to him,
and thought highly of him," she says
gravely; "and he was always grate-
ful, always respected, and felt a
deep attachment to you while he
was in your employment."

"Didn't! Didn't! Didn't! Ungrate-
ful blackguard! Brought him up
like a son, ay, I did! Never grudged
him anything I could give him!" Mr.
Damer interrupts furiously, as his
last glass of whiskey, slightly diluted,
followed its numerous predecessors.
"Scoundrel! never even bothered
himself to say 'good-bye!' Without
a good-bye after six-and-twenty
years! There was a secret! Ah! Ah!
Ah! the scamp of the world! He's
broken my heart!—that's what he's
done!" and the unhappy man began
sobbing again.

"And you have ruined his life, and
your cruel wife has made him give
up all your shame and all his ruin!"
Anne thinks, sighing. "It is easy
enough to understand, though poor
George would not tell me the wretch-
ed story, and opens the window—
enough, I guessed long ago!"

But Mr. Damer, who through his
sobs and tears, has been drinking
thirstily all the time, now struggles
to his feet once more, with in-
creased rage and excitement.

"Look you, here, Anne O'Neill," he
says, vehemently, and forgetting ev-
erything but the one subject of his
anger and misery, "don't you ever
care to mention his name to me
again if you live twenty years in my
house! I'll never forgive him! Never!
The longest day I live. He's a cruel,
black-hearted, selfish scamp—that's
what he is! To treat me so for the
sake of a child of a pale-faced girl!

And that's a lie, too!" he says,
suddenly and savagely. "He could
have had her liked! A bit of a
pale-faced child like her! She wouldn't
have said 'no' to him, if he wanted
her! She'd have jumped at him, and
she's had many a time! It was
a lie! He wanted to know where
he wanted to be, and get rid of all,
and he didn't care a crooked straw
what any one felt or grieved for
in the matter. Now, and my
course go with him!"

He staggers back against the wall
as he speaks, and his crimson face
suddenly changes to a sickly pal-
lor, and his head sinks down. He
sees his necktie and collar as if he were
choking. And Anne, hastily pushing
an easy chair beside him, almost
gives him into it, and draws off his
necktie, and winds it round his
head, and then she bends over
him and she leaves the room.

"For I had better go without even
saying good-bye," she thinks, sor-
rowfully. "He's excited, and he's
more, he might die in a fit on the
spot. Dr. Coghill said both he and
his cousin, Sir James, were liable to
apoplexy at any time."

And she takes his hand in the fare-
well of which poor Harry Damer him-
self is not conscious.

"Mr. Damer, unsay that dreadful
word!" she says, trembling with
earnestness. "Not your curse; that
will only fall on your own head. Not
your curse, sir, but your blessing on
poor George! Your blessing on him,
Mr. Damer! It is all you can ever
give him now!" she says, solemnly.

"Bless him, and forgive him, and
now! Bless him, and forgive him, and
you hope to be forgiven by your
Father which is in heaven."

She raises his hand to her lips, and
goes away to her own room for the
first time since that day when she
farewells her to make.

Gillian she dares not intrude on,
and she would not if she dared; and
she spoke her last word to Bingham
that night, midnight interview
twelve days before.

But early the next morning, early
in the gray dawnlight, when all is
still, and all are sleeping save her-
self, poor Anne O'Neill takes a speech-
less farewell of her life.

As she glides down the door of the room where
she has been sleeping calm and soundly,
she kisses the handle of the door,
which his hands have touched; she
lays her cheek to the panels which
his clothes have touched in passing,
and she kisses the threshold over
which his feet have trod, and she
tears fall in slow drops of anguish
wringing out of her heart's despair.

And so Anne O'Neill takes her last
leave of her home in Mount Ossory.

CHAPTER XXXII.

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in the path of her desires have been
cleared away by her ladyship's will,
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privately, but in the company of the
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for his wife. With him, as with her,
Lady Damer sees plainly enough that
the bonds they have entered into hold
them but in a cold alliance of mutual
sympathy for each other's misfor-
tunes, mutual angry despair for the
love and the desires that have
mocked them, mutual friendly indif-
ference to the life they may spend to-
gether.

(To be continued.)

SWEARING-OFF.

A Saloon Man's Views of
the Annual Custom.

GETTING READY TO QUIT

Converts the Customer. Into Pal-
sied Manikins.

A QUESTION OF LONGITUDE.

(N. Y. Sun.)

"D'ye hear that," agitatedly in-
quired the proprietor of an onyx-trim-
med saloon on Amsterdam avenue to-
day, as a hilarious party of
men passed out through the swinging
doors, chatting volubly and vivaciously.
"I'll be losing 'em all for about
a month after New Year's, and
they're good customers," and the
saloon man sloshed the glasses
around in his invisible sink and
looked pained.

"How's that?" asked the man
leaning on the cigar case.

"Didn't you hear 'em all swearing
they were going to swear off for 1902,
and New Year's?" growled the sa-
loon man.

"Un—un—sure; then you lose 'em
for the whole year, don't you?"

"Yes, I lose the mortgage on this
outfit for the whole year," re-
plied the saloon man, sarcastically.
"Those fellows'll all be in here up
to midnight on New Year's even, and
when they're tanked up, I'll get their
hair's parted, they'll all swear
off according to schedule, when the
cuckoo in the clock up there pops
out and gets off his little beat at
the stroke of 12."

"Then they'll whirl out, and I
won't see any of 'em again for about
a month. The duck around the cor-
ner get their trade in the mean-
time."

"Then, along about the first of Feb-
ruary, they'll begin to drop in, one
by one, looking sheepish, and give me
their cure again for the year. Most
of 'em'll tell me that their doctors
roasted 'em when they found out
that they'd sworn off, and that the
medical sharp advised 'em to begin
again with a little tonic and
right along for their stomach's sake."

"That's the way it's been with that
gang of boys for years. I wish they'd
been swearing off at the fellow's
place around the corner. Then I
wouldn't lose 'em for the whole of
January."

After their elaborate swear-offs
in here, you see, they're ashamed to
drop around until the receipt of the
swear-offs is a sort of back
number. They make their swear-offs
so humbly solemn and lead-pipey
that they feel guilty, and it takes
'em about a month to muster en-
ough nerve to drop in on their old
stamping ground."

"Why don't you hang up a sign,
'Swear-offs don't go here. Do it
somewhere else?'"

"That'd make 'em sore and they'd
probably cut me out for keeps," re-
plied the saloon man, discontentedly.
"This swearing-off game is a kind
of a religious rite with a lot of fel-
lows, and they begin to figure on
the 1st of January for about a couple
of months before that date swings
around."

"When New Year's finally does limp
around most of 'em are in shape for
about thirty days' rest and quiet in
some decent retreat up in West-
chester county, or some of the kind,
they daily with the yen-hok enough
to dream that they'll be able to chop
off the old thing as sudden as the
fall of a trip hammer when the bells
begin to clang out the old year."

"Then, when they come to on New
Year's day, they're palsied mani-
kins, that's all—palsied manikins. I
there's only one man in forty that
ever swears off and keeps it. I want
to understand, that it's a case of
going into training to come off
right in the swear-off game. It's
going to gradually led up to with
carefully worked-out taper."

"Two minutes after midnight on
last New Year's a customer of mine
who lives in a flat a couple of
blocks down the street, came pant-
ing in here as if the cops were
after him. His raglan was buttoned
up around his neck—he hadn't had
time to put on any coat under-
neath—and his shirt was untied."

"Pass me my brand, quick!" he
yelled at me as he came in the door,
hounding his open-faced watch in
one hand. I fell asleep on the lounge,
and the whistles woke me up, but
it wasn't any New Year's by my watch."

"It's three minutes shy of it yet.
The New Year's that this watch
starts a-going is good enough for
me," and he threw in one after an-
other, looking all the time at his
watch, as if he was going against
picnic sarsaparilla instead of old
private stock with a clutch."

Then he shook hands with me with
great cordiality and told me he